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# **HYMNS**



FOR THE

## **LORD'S SUPPER,**

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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BY THADDEUS MASON HARRIS, D. D.

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SECOND EDITION.

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BOSTON:

PRINTED BY SEWELL PHELPS,  
No. 5, Court Street.  
1821.

**DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:**

*District Clerk's Office.*

**BE IT REMEMBERED**, that on the sixteenth day of October, A. D. 1820, in the forty fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Thaddeus Mason Harris, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, *to wit*:

**"Hymns for the Lord's Supper, Original and Selected. By Thaddeus Mason Harris, D. D."**

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**JOHN W. DAVIS,**  
*Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

## PREFACE.

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FOR the use of the Church in Dorchester, a few hymns for the Lord's Supper were printed in 1801. The need of more copies, and the hope that it might be acceptable in other Churches, induced me to make a selection, which I have endeavoured to render better adapted to the ordinance than that was. It is, also, enriched with some originals, which have been obligingly furnished me by friends, whose diffidence, however, prevents my annexing their names to their respective hymns. My grateful acknowledgments are particularly due to Mrs. MORTON, Rev. Mr. PIERPONT, of Boston, and Rev. Mr. GILMAN, of Charleston, South Carolina; and also, for four beautiful hymns, to an unknown contributor, under the

fictitious name of G. CARSEER. Where I had the liberty of naming the author, and in instances where I have taken the hymns from printed books, I have given credit in the index. With several of the selected hymns some liberty has been taken in altering the expression or new modeling the verse.

*Dorchester, July 7, 1820.*



“Vos ideo, quoties positas accedere mensas  
Contigerit, sacrasque dapes, libamina jussa,  
Funeris his nostri mœstum referetis honorem,  
Et nunquam istius abolescit gloria facti.”

VIDA.



# HYMNS

FOR THE

## LORD'S SUPPER.

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### HYMN I. L. M.

- 1 THIS feast was Jesus' high behest,  
This cup of thanks his last request ;  
Ye who can feel his worth, attend,  
Eat, drink, in memory of your friend.
- 2 Around the patriot's bust ye throng,  
Him ye exalt in swelling song ;  
For him the wreath of glory bind,  
Who freed from vassalage his kind.
- 3 And shall not He your praises win,  
Who breaks the slavish bonds of sin ?—  
The great Deliverer, whose breath  
Unbinds the captives even of death !

4 Shall He, who, mortal men to save,  
 Became the tenant of the grave,  
 Unthanked, uncelebrated, rise,  
 Pass unremembered to the skies ?

5 Christians, unite with loud acclaim,  
 To sing the Saviour's welcome name ;  
 On earth extol his wondrous love,  
 And hope to praise it more above.

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## HYMN II. L. M.

*Hers (Henry) Norton*  
*Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.*

MATT. II. 1—10.

1 WHEN, on the midnight of the East,  
 At the dead moment of repose,  
 Like hope on misery's darkened breast,  
 The planet of salvation rose ;

2 The shepherd, leaning o'er his flock,  
 Started with broad and upward gaze ;  
 Kneel'd,—while the Star of Bethlehem broke  
 On music wakened into praise.

- 3 The Arabian sage, to hail our King,  
 With Persia's star-led magi comes ;  
 And all, with reverent homage, bring  
 Their gifts of gold and odorous gums.
- 4 If heathen sages from afar  
 Followed, when darkness round them spread,  
 The kindling glories of that star,  
 And worshipped where its radiance led ;
- 5 Shall *we*, for whom that star was hung  
 In the dark vault of frowning heaven ;—  
 Shall we, for whom that strain was sung,  
 That song of peace and sin forgiven ;—
- 6 Shall we, for whom the Saviour bled,  
 Careless his banquet's blessings see,—  
 Nor heed the parting word that said  
 " Do this in memory of me"—?



### HYMN III. P. M. *Nov. 2. Nov.*

- 1 AND hast thou, Lord, to sinners given  
 Pardon, and peace, and hope, and heaven !  
 To man's offending race restored  
 The blessing of the absolving word !

While to thy table we are led,  
 And pour the wine, and break the bread,  
 With which the Son of God was fed—  
 With which the Son of God was fed !

2 Ne'er may the earth's vain wishes raise  
 Lips hallowed by thy prayer and praise ;  
 No more the thought of sin surprize  
 Hearts of the accepted sacrifice ;  
 Hearts claimed by thee, whose willing woes  
 Gave the contending world repose,  
 Dark, ere the Sun of Glory rose—  
 Dark, ere the Sun of Glory rose !

3 Dark, ere the rays of mercy shone ;  
 Dark, ere the Gospel's light was known ;  
 Dark, ere in sin and misery's hour  
 The Lord of life, of light, and power,  
 The heaven-descended Saviour, gave  
 Immortal victory o'er the grave,  
 And died a sinning world to save—  
 And died a sinning world to save !

## HYMN IV. L. M.

- 1 "BREAK ye the bread, and pour the wine,  
As ye have seen your Master do :  
This body and this blood of mine  
Is broken thus and shed for you."
- 2 Yes, mighty God ! while life remains  
We will remember him who bled ;  
Whom death, in his cold, palsyng chains,  
A captive and a victim led.
- 3 We will remember him, by whom  
Those strong and icy chains were riven ;  
Who scattered round his opening tomb  
Their broken links,—and rose to heaven.
- 4 And while with gratitude we dwell  
On all his tears of love and wo,  
Let death's chill tide before us swell !  
Let its still waters darkly flow !
- 5 We'll give our bodies to the stream :  
'Twill bear us—(for the dead shall rise,  
Or faith is vain, and hope a dream,)—  
To happier shores and brighter skies.

## HYMN V. C. M.

*S. Pierpont*

*"And when they had sung an hymn, they went out  
into the Mount of Olives.*

MATT. XXVI. 30.

- 1 THE winds are hush'd :—the peaceful moon  
Looks down on Zion's hill :  
The city sleeps : 'tis night's calm noon ;  
And all the streets are still.
- 2 Save when, along the shaded walks,  
We hear the watchman's call,  
Or the guard's footstep, as he stalks  
In moonlight on the wall.
- 3 How soft, how holy is this light !  
And hark ! a mournful song,  
As gentle as these dews of night,  
Floats on the air along.
- 4 Affection's wish, devotion's prayer  
Are in that holy strain :  
'Tis resignation,—not despair ;  
'Tis triumph,—though 'tis pain.

- 5 'Tis Jesus and his faithful few,  
 That pour that hymn of love :  
 O God ! may we the song renew,  
 Around thy board above.
- 

## HYMN VI. C.M.

*S. Duncombe*

- 1 "IF it may be, O let this cup  
 Pass by me"—pray'd the Son.  
 "But, if I'm doom'd to drink it up,  
 Father !—Thy will be done."
- 2 He drank it. Bleeding on the tree,  
 He faintly cried, "I thirst."  
 Then rose his heart, O God, to thee,  
 In fervent prayer,—and burst.
- 3 That broken heart, that ebbing tide,  
 That spirit so resign'd,  
 These emblems of the Crucified  
 Have now recall'd to mind.
- 4 For others as our Saviour bled,  
 So we, at duty's call,  
 For others in his steps should tread,  
 And sacrifice our all.

- 5 Shall we from scenes of trial shrink,  
     Now our Example lives?  
 Or shall we all with patience drink  
     The cup our Father gives?



### HYMN VII. P. M.

*J. Pierpont*

- 1 O'ER Kedron's stream, and Salem's height,  
     And Olivet's brown steep,  
 Rolls the majestic queen of night,  
 And showers from heaven her silver light,  
     And sees the world asleep.
- 2 All but the children of distress,  
     Of sorrow, grief, and care ;  
 Whom sleep, though pray'd for, will not bless ;  
 These leave the couch of restlessness,  
     To breathe the cool, calm air.
- 3 For those who shun the glare of day,  
     There's a composing power  
 That meets them on their lonely way,  
 In the still air,—the sober ray  
     Of this religious hour.



4 'Tis a religious hour : for he,  
 Who many a grief shall bear,  
 In his own body on the tree,  
 Is kneeling in Gethsemanè,  
 In agony and prayer.

5 O, holy Father ! when the light  
 Of earthly joy grows dim,  
 May hope in Christ grow strong and bright,  
 In all who celebrate this rite,  
 In memory of him.



### HYMN VIII. P. M.

*J. Reydon*

1 THERE'S something sweet in scenes of gloom  
 To hearts, of joy bereft:  
 When hope has wither'd in its bloom;  
 When friends are going to the tomb;  
 Or in the tomb are left.

2 'Tis night ; a lovely night :—and lo !  
 Like men in vision seen,  
 The Saviour and his brethren go,  
 Silent, and sorrowful, and slow,  
 Led by heaven's lamp serene,—

- 3 From Salem's height, o'er Kedron's stream,  
 To Olivet's dark steep;  
 There, o'er past joys—so like a dream,  
 O'er future woes that present seem,  
 In solitude to weep.
- 4 Heaven on their earthly hopes has frown'd :  
 Their dream of thrones has fled :  
 The table that his love has crown'd  
 They ne'er again shall sit around,  
 With Jesus at their head.
- 5 Blast not, O God, this hope of ours,  
 The hope of sins forgiven :  
 Then, when our friends the grave devours,  
 When all the world around us lowers,  
 We'll look from earth to heaven.
- 

## HYMN IX. C. M.

*"For my flesh is meat indeed."*—

- 1 HAD Jesus left his scatter'd fold  
 The legacy of pride,  
 Golconda's gems, and Ophir's gold,  
 When he, their Shepherd, died :

- 2 Few could have hoarded many a gem,  
 Of those who shared them first:  
 And O, how many, even of them,  
 Had, in that gift, been curst!
- 3 Had such a legacy been cast  
 Upon the stream of time;  
 Would it have come through ages past,—  
 Ages of night and crime;
- 4 And *had* it reached us all, should we  
 In such a boon be blest?  
 O no:—a part might misers be,  
 And prodigals the rest.
- 5 But *all* may now a treasure hoard  
 That ne'er engenders strife:  
 For we may all, around this board,  
 Partake the bread of life.

## HYMN X. C. M.

*"—my blood is drink indeed."*

*J. Pierpont*

- 1 WHEN Asia's mighty conqueror died,  
His followers shared his realm.  
Yet, O how soon did ruin's tide  
Them and their thrones o'erwhelm !
- 2 Had every monarch from his throne  
By *Jesus*' arm been hurl'd ;  
Had he, the conqueror, held alone  
The sceptre of the world ;—
- 3 Had his apostles shared the globe ;  
Had all the orient gems  
That deck the royal Persian's robe  
Blaz'd on their diadems :—
- 4 Thron'd on the Egyptian's pyramid,  
Old Time had seen their power  
All crumble, as the Grecian's did,  
And wither like a flower.
- 5 This Jesus knew : and, ere the thorns  
Around his head were prest,  
The banquet which this board adorns  
He spread for *all*, and blest.

- 6 'Then gave he gems of hope to shine  
 Around this goblet's brim :  
 Then dropp'd a pearl into this wine,—  
 THE MEMORY OF HIM.

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HYMN XI. L. M.

*J. Pierpont*

- 1 OUR Father! we approach thy board  
 As children, that would be forgiven ;  
 Rememb'ring him, thy Son, who pour'd  
 His blood, to seal our hope of heaven.
- 2 O God, our Saviour! while we thus  
 Remember him who made us free,  
 Who agonized and died for us,  
 Our grateful hearts would rise to thee.
- 3 In him, whose bursting heart the cloud  
 Of sorrow chilled, and wretchedness ;  
 In him, whose fainting head was bowed  
 In his unspeakable distress ;
- 4 O listen to our fervent prayer ;  
 That he who hung on Calvary's hill,  
 And gave thee back his spirit there,  
 May live in our affections still.

## HYMN XII. L. M.

- 1 His hour had come !—and darkness roll'd  
Across the ocean's heaving waves :  
Earth shook ;—the dead came forth, and told  
The secrets of their shuddering graves.
- 2 His hour had come ! and forth there strode  
Ten thousand cloud-borne cherubim,  
Who hung beneath their bright abode  
On countless wings to welcome him.
- 3 Archangels rode the winds :—and through  
Yon vault, that swells to endless day,  
And rolls in everlasting blue,  
They bore his spotless soul away.
- 4 The wreathed thorns no longer press  
His reverend head : but, rob'd in light,  
And thron'd in power, he sits to bless  
The observers of this sacred rite.

*Miss Anna Hamilton*

## HYMN XIII. L. M.

- 1 ART thou unhappy?—in thy grief  
     Recall the sorrows Jesus bore :  
     And are thy joys but few and brief?  
     Remember him, and weep no more.
- 2 The blooms of friendship death will blight :  
     But, when the gathering clouds combine,  
     Let faith their summits gild with light,  
     And check the tear that dares repine.
- 3 When flatteries soothe, and hopes allure,  
     And pleasures woo with Siren tone,  
     Like him unmov'd the test endure,  
     And bow thy heart to God alone.
- 4 When foes assail, or friends betray,  
     Of hatred,—of revenge beware :  
     With kindness all their wrongs repay :  
     “Father, forgive them :” be thy prayer.
- 5 Remember Jesus : how he bore  
     Affliction's weight, temptation's power :  
     Remember Jesus' *life* : and more :—  
     Remember Jesus *dying* hour.

## HYMN XIV.

*God glorified in the death of his Son.*

- 1 "ON the dreadful moments roll  
When my foes attain the power;  
Deep distress o'erwhelms my soul,  
Father, save me from this hour!
- 2 "Save me, for the cross appears;  
I must suffer, I must die.  
God, behold my flowing tears,  
Hear my supplicating cry!
- 3 "Save me—But I plead in vain,  
For thy Son is doomed to death;  
Mid contempt, reproach, and pain,  
I resign to thee my breath.
- 4 "Thou art just, and I obey;  
Father, glorify thy name."—  
Thus to God did Jesus pray;  
Then a voice in thunder came:
- 5 "God has glory in his Son,  
When his precious blood is shed;  
Glory in the conquest won,  
When he rises from the dead."



## HYMN XV. L. M.

*The earthquake at the death of Jesus.*

- 1 "MY God, the mighty work is done ;  
Receive the spirit of thy Son !"  
Loud from the cross the Saviour cries,  
Then humbly bows his head and dies.
- 2 The temple shudders at the sound ;  
With horror quakes the conscious ground ;  
The shock awakes the sleeping dead ;  
The sun in terror hides his head.
- 3 And nature sympathizing feels,  
While earth's eternal basis reels,  
And rocks are rent and mountains nod,  
Around the expiring Son of God.



## HYMN XVI. L. M.

- 1 THY majesty, O God, appears  
In those stupendous orbs of light,  
Which, rolling in harmonious spheres,  
Adorn the day or crown the night.

- 2 But in thy Son our eyes behold  
 A work that all these works excels,  
 More luminous than stars of gold,  
 A work in which perfection dwells
- 3 For round his head with vivid rays  
 The gems of moral glory shine,  
 His countenance sublime displays  
 Devotion's lineaments divine.
- 4 E'en on the cross, though all his nerves  
 Are pierced with keen affliction's sting,  
 The dignity he still preserves  
 Of judge, and conqueror, and king.



## HYMN XVII. C. M.

*Love to Christ.*

- 1 THY mercies, O eternal Sire,  
 In Christ, thy Son, impart,  
 The object of my fond desire,  
 The friend, who fills my heart !

- 2 I love him, for to do thy will  
 Is his delightful food,  
 To honour thee, thy work fulfill,  
 And bless mankind with good.
- 3 Whene'er he speaks, my raptured ear  
 To his instruction turns ;  
 And while his gracious words I hear,  
 My heart within me burns.
- 4 But when my dear Redeemer dies,  
 And his last pangs I see,  
 My soul with warm affection cries,  
 My Saviour bleeds for me !



### HYMN XVIII. S. M.

- 1 YEs, to that last command,  
 We will obedient prove,  
 Around his table we will stand,  
 In memory of his love.
- 2 His precious blood he shed  
 For our unworthy race ;  
 While uttering in the Almighty's stead  
 His messages of grace.

- 3 Oh, if our senseless pride  
 His dying words neglect,  
 'Tis we who pierce his sacred side,  
 And all his love reject.
- 4 Then let us ever keep  
 This consecrated feast,  
 Till memory shall have sunk to sleep,  
 Or life itself have ceased !
- 

## HYMN XIX. L. M.

- 1 WE sing thy mercy, God of love,  
 That sent the Saviour from above,  
 To free our race from sin and wo,  
 And spread thy peace and truth below.
- 2 We thank thee for the words he brought;  
 We thank thee that he lived and taught  
 Frail and imperfect man to be,  
 In humble mode, resembling thee.
- 3 We thank thee for thy gracious care,  
 That kept those sacred pages fair  
 Through every age, whose lines record  
 The deeds and precepts of our Lord.

- 4 We thank thee for this solemn rite,  
By us repeated in thy sight ;  
O feed our souls with bread divine,  
And cheer us with the heavenly wine !



### HYMN XX. C. M.

- 1 O God, accept the sacred hour,  
Which we to thee have given ;  
And let this hallowed scene have power  
To raise our souls to heaven.
- 2 Still let us hold, till life departs,  
The precepts of thy Son ;  
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts  
Forget what he has done.
- 3 His true disciples may we live,  
From all corruption free ;  
And humbly learn, like him, to give  
Our powers, our wills to thee.
- 4 And oft along life's dangerous way,  
To smooth our passage through,  
Wilt thou on this thy holy day  
For us this scene renew.

## HYMN XXI. L. M.

*The dying love of Christ.*

- 1 AMAZING love ! that stooped so low,  
     To view with pity's melting eye  
   Sinners, whose just desert was wo.  
     Amazing love ! did Jesus die ?
- 2 He died !—to raise to life and joy  
     The vile, the guilty, the undone.  
   O, let his praise our lips employ,  
     Till hours no more their circles run.
- 3 He died !—Ye seraphs, let your voice  
     His last, his dying groan prolong.  
   He rose !—Let earth, let heaven, rejoice,  
     And praise him in eternal song.



## HYMN XXII. P. M.

- 1 GREAT God ! the covenant now is sealed ;  
     The arduous work of love is done.  
   Thy mercy fully stands revealed,  
     For thou hast given to us thy Son.

What gift can ever be denied  
To those for whom the Saviour died ?

- 2 Assist us, Lord, to keep his cross  
Forever present to our heart ;  
Like him to count all things but loss  
That from thy service would us part ;  
In virtue's course to persevere,  
And only love what he held dear.
- 3 Like Jesus, may we bear resigned  
The ills of life, the wrongs of foes ;  
And, hoping we may mercy find,  
Forgive the authors of our woes.  
And tread on thorns our goal to gain,  
And never murmur or complain.
- 4 Like Jesus, may we even in death  
Enraptured say, " Our Father, Friend ;"  
Confide in thee, and yield our breath,  
Filled with assurance to ascend  
To mansions of celestial joy,  
And pleasures that shall never cloy.

## HYMN XXIII. C. M.

- 1 How glorious is this holy place  
Where bread of life is given !  
This surely is the house of God ;  
This is the gate of heaven !
- 2 Jesus, the master of the feast,  
Vouchsafes his presence here ;  
The cup of blessing passes round,  
The pious guests to cheer.
- 3 Vain thoughts and vile desires no more  
Shall these pure joys molest ;  
Nor clouds of doubt and fear come o'er  
The sunshine of the breast.
- 4 Here may our grateful hearts be filled  
With hope and joy and love ;  
And here may we begin the songs  
That we shall sing above.



## HYMN XXIV. L. M.

*Jesus teaching.*

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered round,  
And joy and reverence fill'd the place !
- 2 From heaven he came--of heaven he spoke,  
To heaven he led his followers' way ;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 " Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,  
Come all ye weary ones and rest !"  
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay then, tenements of dust !  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !—  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

## HYMN XXV. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,  
To see thy glories shine ;  
The Lord will his own table bless,  
And make the feast divine.
- 2 We take, we taste the heavenly bread,  
We drink the sacred cup ;  
With outward forms our sense is fed,  
Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall be strong to run the race  
And climb the upper skies ;  
Thou wilt provide our souls with grace,  
For thou hast large supplies.
- 4 Then we'll indulge a cheerful frame,  
For joy becomes a feast ;  
And show we love our Saviour's name  
More than the food we taste.

## HYMN XXVI. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, O Lord, thy servants all,  
With gratitude sincere,  
Accept thy kind and gracious call,  
And at thy feast appear.
- 2 O may each honoured, happy guest  
A worthy member prove ;  
And, in the wedding garment drest,  
Share thy redeeming love !
- 3 And nourished here with sacred food,  
Refreshed and strengthened too,  
With vigour, and with zeal renewed,  
The heavenly course pursue.
- 4 And hear, O Father, this our prayer ;  
To us may it be given,  
With our exalted Lord, to share  
The banquet spread in heaven.

## HYMN XXVII. S. M.

- 1 How pleasant the repast  
    These elements afford !  
And in partaking them we hold  
    Communion with our Lord.
- 2 O may the bread and wine  
    Maintain our fainting breath,  
By union with our living Lord,  
    And interest in his death !
- 3 Our heavenly Father calls  
    Christ and his members one ;  
We are the children of his love,  
    And he the first born Son.
- 4 We are but several parts  
    Of the same broken bread :  
One body hath its several limbs,  
    But Jesus is the head.
- 5 Let all our powers be joined,  
    His glorious name to raise ;  
Pleasure and love fill every mind  
    And tune each voice to praise.

## HYMN XXVIII. S. M.

- 1 JESUS, the friend of man,  
Invites us round his board ;  
The welcome summons we obey,  
And own our gracious Lord.
- 2 Here we survey that love,  
Which spoke in every breath,  
Which crowned each action of his life,  
And triumphed in his death.
- 3 Here with our highest powers,  
O let his name be sung ;  
Let gratitude fill every heart,  
And flow from every tongue.
- 4 Let praise be our employ  
While life and breath remain ;  
And, when we soar to worlds of joy,  
We'll raise a nobler strain.

## HYMN XXIX. C. M.

*The love of God in the Gospel.*

- 1 LORD, we adore thy boundless grace,  
The heights and depths unknown  
Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,  
In thy beloved Son.
- 2 Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,  
The Saviour's bounty taste ;  
Behold a never-failing store  
For every willing guest.
- 3 Here shall your numerous wants receive  
A free, a full supply ;  
He has unmeasured bliss to give,  
And joys that never die.
- 4 Lord, bring unwilling souls to thee  
By thy resistless power ;  
Thy boundless grace let rebels see,  
And at thy feet adore !

## HYMN XXX. S. M.

*"The kingdom of God is within you."*

- 1 LORD, let thy kingdom come !  
Let thy good spirit find  
A calm abode, a peaceful home,  
A temple, in our mind.
- 2 In us reveal thy laws,  
And teach us all thy will,  
That we, devoted to thy cause,  
Thy pleasure may fulfil.
- 3 Rule constantly within :  
Thy gracious power make known :  
Destroy the last remains of sin,  
And claim us for thine own.
- 4 Let peace, and joy, and love,  
Be fully, freely, given ;  
And may our every grace improve,  
Till we are fit for heaven.

## HYMN XXXI. C. M.

*The invitation accepted.*

- 1 LORD, we thy invitation hear,  
And come with willing feet :  
Pleased at thy table to appear,  
Our Saviour there to meet.
- 2 We share the pledges of thy love,  
And taste the rich repast ;  
How kind the endearing tokens prove !  
Long may their pleasures last.
- 3 Salvation's flowing cup we take,  
And thankful tribute pay :  
O may the cheering draught we make  
Health to our souls convey !
- 4 The nourishment thy feasts afford  
Shall the full stature give  
Of perfect men in Christ our Lord,  
That we with him may live.



## HYMN XXXII. L. M.

*"Which things the angels desire to look into."*

1 PET. I. 12.

*Edw. Harris*

- 1 O God, to whom the angels raise  
Their gladdened notes of lofty praise,  
As through their ranks devotion flies,  
And forms their heaven above the skies:
- 2 We mortals would like them rejoice  
With cheerful and united voice;  
And strive, with rapture, to prolong  
The pious and the grateful song.
- 3 For on our frail and sinful race  
Hast thou bestowed distinguished grace,—  
Grace, whose extensive, wondrous plan  
Angels in vain attempt to scan.
- 4 Here, in the banquet's bread and wine,  
We share the pledge of love divine,  
And think of him who died that we,  
Redeemed from death, might live with thee.

## HYMN XXXIII. L. M.

*“The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.”*

REV. XXII. 17.

- 1 O HEARKEN to the Spirit's call ;  
The Bride repeats it, and says, Come !  
It kindly now invites you all,  
And welcomes every wanderer home.
- 2 Shall love unlock its richest store,  
And with such gifts a table crown,  
And will you linger at the door,  
When ask'd, when bidden to sit down ?
- 3 The liberal Master of the feast  
Himself the gracious call repeats ;  
He loves to see the flock increas'd,  
And each new comer kindly greets.
- 4 The Church, the bride, with open arms,  
Woos and beseeches in her turn ;  
With hope allures, with fear alarms,  
And bids you your best good discern.

- 5 O heed the warning and the call,  
 And follow the inviting voice ;  
 Saints gladly will receive you all,  
 And angels o'er you will rejoice.



## HYMN XXXIV. C. M.

*The Gospel Feast.*

- 1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,  
 And dainties crown the board.  
 Not all the boasted joys of earth  
 Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men  
 Are here most freely given ;  
 And strengthening aid for all who seek  
 To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Thousands of souls, in glory now,  
 Were fed and feasted here ;  
 And thousands more, still on the way,  
 Around the board appear.

4 Yet is his house and heart so large,  
 That thousands more may come ;  
 Nor could the wide assembling world  
 O'erfill the spacious room.

5 All things are ready : enter in,  
 Nor weak excuses frame.  
 Come, take your places at the feast,  
 And bless the Founder's name.



### HYMN XXXV. L. M.

*Remembrance of Christ.*

1 "THIS do in memory of your friend :"  
 Such was the Saviour's last request,  
 Who all the pangs of death endured  
 That we might live forever blest.

2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,  
 Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends !  
 Thy dying love the noblest praise  
 Of long eternity transcends.

- 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,  
 Thy goodness through these veils to see ;  
 Thy table food celestial yields,  
 And happy they who sit with thee.
- 4 But oh, what vast transporting joys  
 Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,  
 When, joined with the celestial train,  
 Our grateful souls thy love admire !
- 5 When these vile bodies, all refined,  
 Perfect, and glorious as thy own,  
 Unwearied, shall our minds obey,  
 And join in worship near thy throne !



### HYMN XXXVI. S. M.

- 1 THIS supper to partake  
 Was Jesus' last request,  
 And here may each attendant be  
 A welcome, thankful guest.
- 2 Here we show forth his love,  
 Which spoke in every breath,  
 Prompted each action of his life,  
 And triumphed in his death.

3 Here let our powers unite  
     His honoured name to raise ;  
 Let grateful joy fill every mind,  
     And tune each voice to praise.

4 For while the banquet here  
     Each guest with freedom shares,  
 He, for us, in the heavenly world,  
     A nobler feast prepares.



## HYMN XXXVII. L. M.

*Christ's second coming.*

MATT. XXVI. 26—30. REV. XXII. 20.

1 THUS we commemorate the day  
     On which our dearest Lord was slain ;  
 Thus we our pious homage pay,  
     Till he appears on earth again.

2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide  
     The curtains of the parting sky ;  
 On a bright cloud in triumph ride,  
     And on the wind's swift pinions fly !

- 3 Come, King of kings, with thy bright train,  
 Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts ;  
 Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign  
 As far as earth extends its coasts !
- 4 Come, Lord,—where Judah's altar blazed,  
 Let Judah's sons their God adore :  
 Come, Lord,—and where thy cross was raised,  
 Let the pale crescent gleam no more.
- 5 Come, Lord, and plant thy standard there,  
 There fix thine everlasting throne ;  
 Give thy broad banners to the air,  
 And make the nations all thy own.



### HYMN XXXVIII. L. M.

- 1 “ *'Tis finished !* ”—So the Saviour cried,  
 And meekly bowed his head and died.  
*'Tis finished*—yes, the race is run,  
 The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 *'Tis finished !*—All that heaven decreed,  
 And all the ancient prophets said,  
 Is now fulfilled, as was designed,  
 In thee, the Saviour of mankind.

- 3 *'Tis finished!*—Aaron now no more  
Must stain his robes with purple gore.  
The sacred vail is rent in twain,  
And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 *'Tis finished!*—Man is reconciled  
To God, and powers of darkness spoiled.  
Peace, love and happiness again  
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 5 *'Tis finished!*—Let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round.  
*'Tis finished!*—Let the echo fly  
Through heaven and hell, through earth and  
sky!



## HYMN XXXIX. L. M.

*Praise for the blessings given through Jesus.*

- 1 To God, of every good the spring,  
The tribute of your praises bring,  
For grace and truth through Jesus given,  
Mercy, and peace, and hope of heaven.



- 2 Grateful the joyous news proclaim,  
Salvation is in Jesus' name ;  
Salvation !—shout the glorious sound,  
Proclaim it to the world around.
- 3 Tell every fearful, trembling soul,  
That gospel grace will make him whole ;  
Invite the weary poor to come ;  
At Jesus' feast there still is room.
- 4 Jesus !—that name shall calm their fears,  
Dispel their doubts, and dry their tears,  
Shall ease the anxious, throbbing breast,  
And give the weary mourner rest.
- 5 Jesus—our Prophet, Saviour, King,—  
For Jesus, grateful praise we bring  
To thee, from whom his blessings flowed,  
To thee, our Father and our God.

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### HYMN XL. L. M.

- 1 'Twas on that dark and doleful night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betrayed him to his foes :

- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
 He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake :  
 What love through all his actions ran !  
 What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 " This is my body, broke for sin ;  
 Receive and eat the living food ;"—  
 Then took the cup and bless'd the wine,  
 "'Tis the new covenant in my blood.
- 4 " In memory of your dying Lord,  
 Do this (said he) till time shall end ;  
 Meet at my table and record  
 The love of your departed friend."
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,  
 We show thy death, we sing thy name,  
 Till thou return and we shall eat  
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

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### HYMN XLI. C. M.

- 1 WITH warm affection let us view,  
 With pious grief improve,  
 The solemn and impressive scene  
 Of Jesus' dying love.

- 2 Not all the malice of his foes  
 His pity could subdue ;  
 “Forgive them, Father,” he exclaimed,  
 “They know not what they do.”
- 3 O what a love was here displayed,  
 Beyond our utmost thought !  
 How pure the lessons, how sublime,  
 In life and death he taught !
- 4 Let not his sacred truths by us  
 Be lost or misapplied ;  
 Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget  
 That ’twas for us he died.



# HYMN XLII. C. M.

*Rev. J. No. 16210 D.I.*

- 1 COME, and before we bid adieu,  
 And the Communion end,—  
 Come, in a hymn the praise renew  
 Of our exalted Friend.
- 2 Though in the blissful realms above  
 His brighter glories shine ;  
 Though there the soul, with purer love,  
 Shall hail the light divine ;

3 Yet there are mild enlivening rays  
 Diffused around us here ;—  
 And the kind tokens he conveys,  
 Make his remembrance dear.

4 O let us, then, his praise repeat  
 In our most grateful strains,  
 'Till with his people we shall meet  
 In glory, where he reigns.



### HYMN XLIII. C. M.

*Brotherly kindness, from the precepts and example of  
 Christ.*

1 YE followers of the Prince of Peace,  
 Who round his table draw,  
 Remember what his spirit was,  
 What his peculiar law.

2 The love which all his bosom filled,  
 Did all his actions guide ;  
 Inspired by love he lived and taught,  
 Inspired by love he died.

- 3 And do you love him? do you feel  
 Your warm affections move?  
 This is the proof that he demands,  
 That you each other love.
- 4 Let each the sacred law fulfil;  
 Like his be every mind;  
 Be every temper formed by love,  
 And every action kind.
- 5 Let us, who call ourselves his friends,  
 Deserve the honoured name;  
 And by a near resemblance prove  
 The title which we claim.



### HYMN XLIV. S. M.

- 1 Now let each happy guest  
 The sacred concert raise,  
 To close the honours of the feast,  
 And sing the Master's praise.
- 2 The gospel's mighty plan,  
 How glorious in our view!  
 The salutary source to man  
 Of peace and pardon too!

3 His precepts how divine!  
 How suited to our state!  
 How bright his acts of mercy shine!  
 His promises how great!

4 Kind author of the grace  
 So largely, freely given,  
 Upon our souls thine image trace,  
 And form them fit for heaven!



## HYMN XLV. L. M.

*“Show forth the Lord’s death till he come.”*

1 COR. XI. 26.

1 LORD, at thy table we attend,  
 Feed on the bread and drink the wine,  
 Memorials of our absent friend,  
 The signs and seals of love divine.

2 As bread recruits when strength decays,  
 And wine revives our sinking hearts,  
 Jesus immortal food conveys,  
 Jesus immortal joys imparts.

- 3 Thus we the death of Jesus show,  
 From whose bequest our comforts rise,  
 Till we his richer grace shall know,  
 Prepared and promised in the skies.
- 4 Then shall we, rising from the dust,  
 To those blest realms exulting soar,  
 And join the millions of the just,  
 And feel nor want nor sorrow more.



### HYMN XLVI. L. M.

- 1 O FATHER, may thy grace descend  
 To crown the blessings of this board,  
 These emblems of our dying friend,  
 Our buried, risen, reigning Lord.
- 2 Be thou our guide, and, while we tread  
 Life's thorny path, we ne'er shall stray ;  
 Nor shall the prison of the dead  
 Keep back our souls from endless day.
- 3 We long that better world to see,  
 Its glories and its joys to share ;  
 To live with Christ and near to thee,  
 And feast the soul forever there.

## HYMN XLVII. L. M.

*The Table blessed.**Rev. Dr. Harris*

- 1 To these provisions of our board,  
Which, Lord, thy liberal grace bestows,  
Thy benediction now afford,  
Whence all their power to nourish flows.
- 2 To fill our wants and cheer our hearts  
The earthly feast its food supplies ;  
But thy refreshing grace imparts  
Means of a life that never dies.
- 3 Nurtured by this, our souls improve,  
Until an invitation's given  
To join the happier church above,  
And share the banquet spread in heaven.



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